QUIET TALKS ABOUT CALVARY

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S. D. GORDON

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Quiet Talks About Calvary

Its Foreshadowings Fact and Spirit

By

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The Calvary Foreshadowings

THE central personality of all history, and of all the race is our Lord Jesus. The central fact about our Lord Jesus is His death. His life was wonderful in its purity and strength. All men who know about Him have combined in exalting the purity and the strength of His life. His wisdom was marvellous; His teaching so simple, yet so profound. And His sympathy with man has touched the human heart everywhere.

But His death stands out above His life even as Mont Blanc stands out above the Alpine range to the eyes of all within sight of its snowy top. And the death of Christ comes to us to-day in that outstanding word—Calvary.

Of all the geographical names in our Master's life, Calvary stands out biggest and brightest. Bethlehem was His birthplace. Nazareth was His life-place, where He spent that marvellous simple daily common round, which has not been magnified as it should be in our thought. The wilderness tells of temptation and victory. The Transfiguration Mount tells of His glory-life, where He drew aside the veil

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of His humanity for a little while to the eyes of the inner circle. Gethsemane tells of agony. Calvary tells of a life poured out for others. The Resurrection morning tells of the greatest revealing of God's power ever seen. And the Ascension-Mount, Olivet, stands out big with its ringing "Go Ye," and its great cry of "All Power."

But in that range of hill-tops of our Lord's career Calvary stands out biggest of all, clear overtopping all the others. Because this Master *was* that He might die. He came that He might *go* out of life for us. He lived that He might pour out His life to the very last bit of it for all men, and for us and for our sins.

Calvary is God's spelling of that great word "sacrifice." But the word "sacrifice" takes on a new meaning when you spell it in God's way. Our Lord's sacrifice was the best and the worst ever made. The best because of the love at the back of it; the best because it meant and means so much for all men, and for us. It was the worst because of the bitterness, the keenness of suffering, the agony of pain, all bound up in that word—Calvary—sacrifice. And our Lord Jesus Christ endured all that for us.

Sacrifice here, in the very simplest putting of it, means this,—one dying instead of another. It means the blood of the innocent shed on behalf of the guilty. It means one dying for others who deserved to die. He would die only because of others' sin; of Himself He need not die. I said that Calvary is God's spelling of "sacrifice." It is likewise God's spelling of

"substitute," one pouring out His life to the last drop of it that other men, with the seeds of death in them, might find life and find it abundantly.

One can easily believe in the inspiration of this old Book of God from this standpoint simply. There are plenty of good arguments for the inspiration of the Word of God, for its full, complete, detailed, inspiration; but I think you can find a marvellous argument here. It is in the fact of sin, and of need because of sin, and then God's plan for the need. You run through the old Bible and everywhere you find these three things. Go through all life and you find the same things, the terrible fact of sin, the crying need of men, and man hunting everywhere, hunting some means to get rid of his sin, both of its guilt and its grip upon his powers, and everywhere failing. Here in this old Book of God alone, you find the third thing, a Saviour for man in his sin, and out of his sin, and clear away from his sin. The Book answers to the great need of life.

The Principle of Calvary

In a very simple way, let us look at some of the foreshadowings of Calvary in the Old Testament. The principle of Calvary is all through the Old Testament. The spirit of sacrifice, and of substitution, is everywhere there. The Old Testament is like a huge outstretched hand, with its index finger pointing forward. It is all prophetic, clear through. Some-

times the prophecies are spoken, they are lived in men's experiences, and acted out in history. They are sung, and they are sobbed by the people in their songs. They are lived and spoken and wept by the prophets, in their lives, and messages, and hearts.

The whole Old Testament is simply one huge prophetic finger pointing forward to something coming,—aye! to some One coming. And if you will mark it, the Old Testament throughout is adrip with blood. There is the sobbing of a minor chord in all its music. Its music is grand. There is an oratorio of the Old Testament. But all the while you can feel the throb, throb of the minor under-chording throughout.

I want to take four very simple, brief, runs through the Old Testament, to trace four of these foreshadowings. You will see how very simple the whole recital will be. For the simpler we get to the Old Book and its revelation, the clearer shall we be about this wondrous sacrifice of Jesus Christ on Calvary for us.

The first run is to trace out this fact, *Calvary is in acted-out living pictures* in the Old Testament. The Book is full of pictures which bring to our minds in this simple, kindergarten way this principle of sacrifice, innocent blood shed for guilty, substitution of one for another. I have in mind only four of these pictures to speak of, in only a brief word each.

The first picture is the faintest. It is a very simple picture, in Eden's garden, God slaying innocent beasts that He might use their skins to make coats for the

two who had sinned. By the act of God, innocent blood was shed on behalf of those who had sinned. It is a very simple picture. It is the very first. It is the faintest, and yet not faint. No sooner had men sinned than God threw on the canvas of life this simple picture of the innocent dying for the guilty; one yielding his life for others.

I can easily understand that both Adam and Eve could understand something of the meaning of the word "substitute." The giving of life out, to the very last bit of it, by innocent creatures, brought to them this at least,—help in the midst of their sin. Because, if you will mark it keenly, that clothing was not for their bodies; it was for their minds. It was not for warmth; it was because of their sin. The beasts gave their lives that these two guilty ones might be helped because of their sin, and in their sin. At least that much, the first picture suggests.

The second picture is in this same Book of Genesis, the Twenty-second chapter. It is a very familiar picture. It is simply this. There is a father with his son. The son is an only-begotten, dearly beloved son. He is his father's darling. The father gives his son to death, and in giving his son he suffers far beyond what words can tell. That is the first bit,—a suffering father. The second is this,—a submissive son; he not understanding why, and, I think, the father not understanding why. The pictures are always less than that which they foreshadow. But the father with keenest suffering gave his son. And

mark it keenly, that Isaac submitted to death *in intent,* and his father gave him to death *in intent.*

An Inner Picture

Then there is a picture within the picture, for Isaac. At the last moment the ram caught in the thicket by its thorns is taken and laid on the altar in Isaac's place. I want to ask what you think Isaac believed about substitutionary sacrifice, as he stood at one side, and with awe-touched eyes saw the ram bleeding and burning on the altar where he had lain. Many of our scholarly friends doubt about the use of that word "substitute," but Isaac did not. He said, "I was there on that altar. I am not there now. Something else has given its life in my place."

That is the second of these pictures. In it there is clearly sacrifice, a suffering father,—I love the thought of that side,—a submissive son, and a life given out in intent. And then the inner picture, of the beast's innocent blood given in place of another.

The third of these pictures is the story of Joseph. You will mark keenly that Joseph was his father's best beloved son. That is the first stroke in the etching. He was despised and rejected by his brothers because of his goodness, and because of the envy of their hearts. He was put to death by his own brothers *in intent.* The picture is always less than the thing foreshadowed. But so far as they were concerned, he was killed. And so far as it seemed to him likely,

he gave up his life. Then, as the scene shifts from the first stage to the second, in Egypt he suffers imprisonment, reproach, slander, because of his purity, through the sin of others. He suffers the keenest kind of pain, bodily, of mind, and of spirit.

Then he is lifted to a throne. This is the *climax* of Calvary. Never spell "Calvary" without the climax. Remember this,—Jesus did die, but He lived again. Had He simply died we would have had a clean score, but we would have been dead. Much comfort in that! The old score clean; some comfort in that. Great comfort! But we should have been dead. He died, *and* He rose. There is not for us simply a settling of the old score, but a new life, and a new kind of life.

In this Joseph picture the whole thing comes out, for this man Joseph has a resurrection to his father and to his family, and to the whole world. He reveals rare resurrection power, too. He becomes a king in effect. In his humiliation, if you will mark it keenly, other nations joined his own family in his shameful treatment, and now as king he ministers not simply to his own Hebrew brothers and family, but practically to all the nations of the earth, because Egypt was a world-power. As premier he ministered to, as he ruled over, the world-empire of his time.

And the fact of substitution comes out in this Joseph picture likewise. If you step off a bit to get the larger perspective you see very quickly this, that Joseph by his suffering was the means of his family,

and of his nation, as it became a nation, coming into new life. Through his suffering there came to his clan, to the tribes, to the nation, life, a national life. The etching of substitution is quite clear in the Joseph picture.

The last of these pictures is that of David. Personally he was of unusual excellence and wisdom; in his personal appearance goodly, and acting in rare wisdom in his dealings with the king. He was chosen king: he was fought by a traitor prince; he was subjected to the keenest kind of suffering for years, both of body and of mind and of spirit. If you would know how keenly David suffered, read Psalm Twenty-two, and Psalm Sixty-nine; not stopping there just now except to remember this, that these Psalms were written out of David's experience during the time of his suffering. We think of them, and rightly, as belonging to our Lord. They have their full fulfilment in Him without doubt, but—*but* David wrote down Psalm Twenty-two and Psalm Sixty-nine, not to speak of others, out of his own throbbing, quivering heart.

And if you will step still further off for better perspective, you will find substitution in this picture. Because David's suffering was all undeserved; he suffered because of the sin, the hatred, the enmity, the envy of another one. He suffered death *in intent,* in *Saul's* intent. Through that suffering his nation came into its great life as a nation. And the nation realised that, and gave him the full love of their hearts in

rare degree. He was in effect his nation's substitute-saviour, because through his suffering all those years, and through his death in intent, his nation came into its life, its great life as a nation.

These are the four simple pictures I bring in this very brief way, but enough, I trust, to send us all to our Bibles anew, to see how much God's plan of sacrifice is here, and how plain are the foreshadowings of the Cross back in the lives of these men in the older part of this Book.

Adrip With Blood

The second run that I wish to take is tracing out in the same brief way the Calvary foreshadowings in a *God-appointed ritual.* You know the whole story full well. God planned that in the Levitical code, the Mosaic code, there should be plainly foreshadowed the great sacrifice of Calvary. Mark this a moment. A man brought a lamb or some other beast. It must be a firstling, a first-begotten. It must be without blemish, carefully examined, and no blemish appearing. It did not deserve death, yet its blood is shed.

The man puts his hand on the head of the lamb, or other beast, as it is about to be killed, and in effect says,—this is the graphic thing pictured,—he says, "I and this offering I make are as one. In giving it to death I acknowledge my sin, and that my sin is worthy of death. I must die because I have sinned.

I acknowledge that. It dies in my place." So the man said by his act.

And through its death, through its blood poured out, the man was reckoned cleansed, and walked into the presence of God, and had fellowship with God. And in a limited way, at limited times, he went, representatively, into the very immediate presence of God, as we do through our Lord Jesus Christ. That was the God-appointed ritual.

And for over two thousand years those sacrifices were made. This whole Old Testament is simply adrip with blood, adrip with blood all through, for years, generations, centuries, millenniums, until the fact of substitution, the sacrifice of innocent blood on behalf of the guilty, was woven into the very web and woof of the whole Hebrew nation.

And if you will turn to Ezekiel's prophecy you will find a further suggestion there; an intimation, or suggestion, that in the coming time there *may* be a series of blood-offerings, continuing the old Hebrew code, a continual reminder to the world, in that millennium time, of the one way whereby men have been saved, by the giving of innocent blood; and that the ritual here pointed forward, as it so plainly does, to the coming sacrifice of the Lord Jesus. It looks very much in Ezekiel, as though there is to be a long red hand pointing backward, all those millennium years, to the Lamb of God pouring out His blood for the sin of the world.

Then Calvary is foreshadowed *in the songs of the*

Hebrew people. You know how a people's songs both reveal them and make them. A nation reveals itself most in its song: more than in its law. And a nation is made more by its song than by its laws. If you will go through the Hebrew singing-book you will find suffering all through, suffering undeserved, suffering by reason of the action of somebody else who is guilty of wrong. That tracing runs all through. But there are two Psalms that I must point you to particularly, in this brief way. Psalm Twenty-two and Psalm Sixty-nine stand out peculiarly in the Psalm Book for this Calvary foreshadowing.

The Twenty-second Psalm is a picture in its very structure. It is a Psalm of sobs. If you will take simply your English Bibles, and cross out the italicised words, which are supplied by the translators, you will get something of the structure of the Psalm. It is just like broken sentences, a man sobbing with his heart breaking, and with broken, interjected words breathing out the breakings of his heart.

Without doubt it had a historical setting in David's own life. There can be no question of that. But without doubt, too, its fullest meaning is found only in our Lord Jesus Christ. And while neither it, nor any page of the Old Testament, touches the *mode* whereby our Lord suffered His death, the *fact* of His suffering, in minute detail, is brought out in this Psalm.

It has been thought by some, and I think not at all unlikely, that our Lord Jesus Christ may have

used this Psalm in His own inner thought, as He hung upon the Cross. The first sentence of it, and the last, come audibly from His lips:—"My God, My God, why hast Thou,—why didst Thou—forsake Me?"; then quietness, silence for a time, and by and by the great voice rings out in a shout,—"It is done! It is finished!" the last phrase in effect of the Psalm. And in between these two, the suggestion is, He has been breathing out, sobbing out in His inner consciousness, in broken words, this Twenty-second Psalm.

The Sixty-ninth Psalm is the second of these. You know how it goes into detail of the very things our Lord suffered. But I must not stop with that now. If we had an hour for Psalm Sixty-nine, we might watch, away back in the Hebrew Psalm Book, the beating, the throbbing, of our Lord's heart as He hung on the Cross.

Living the Message

And the last bit is this: Calvary is foreshadowed plainly, touchingly, *by the old Hebrew prophets.* Those rare rugged preachers have set the standard of the world's preaching for all time by their fidelity, their ruggedness, and the clearness of their message; and furthermore, by the way in which they *lived* their messages before they spoke them, and while they were speaking them. The foreshadowings here are of two sorts. First, *in the experience of these men.* I suggest to you that you take time, and run through the

old Hebrew prophets, and trace, bit by bit, their sacrificial suffering as prophets on behalf of their people, and, furthermore, mark that life came to their people through their personal sufferings.

A single reference I make here now. It is regarding Jeremiah. He is called "the weeping prophet." And yet if that word "weeping" suggests anything of weakness to you, it quite leads you astray, for I hold Jeremiah to be the giant of the whole group of Hebrew prophets. He is put to the whip and the rod; he is put in prison; he is killed in the King's intent; he suffers torment and indignity and reproach for years, because of his message. And out of it all, undeserved by him, out of it there comes a new, fine, spiritual life for his people.

But I want to refer to the second thing in this prophetic foreshadowing, namely, *the messages of the prophets*. Turn to only three passages. The first of these is the Fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. In that our Lord's suffering is depicted marvellously, although the *mode* of His death is never touched upon in the least detail.

I have marvelled much as I have realised that there must have been a historical setting to this Chapter. Originally it depicts what Isaiah suffered in his own life because of being God's messenger. Although we know, and the whole Church has recognised that the chapter finds its fullest fulfilment—its deepest significance—only as you come to the Hill of the Cross. But if there be anywhere in the Old Testament a

foreshadowing of the Cross, in principle, it is in that Fifty-third of Isaiah.

The story is told, that when Mr. Moody was beginning his career in England, he went to London to attend a meeting of ministers. They asked him about his creed,—quite a favourite question, then and always. They said, "Mr. Moody, if you will just give us a simple statement of your creed." And he bluntly said, "My creed is in print." "Oh!" and maybe as many as five hundred pencils were pulled out; "Where? In what book?" "The Fifty-third of Isaiah," Mr. Moody said quietly.—"He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." He said, "I have no other creed." And Great Britain knows full well how faithfully he lived and preached his blood-red creed of Calvary from Isaiah Fifty-third.

Then if you will turn at your leisure to the ninth chapter of the prophecy of Daniel. This old man Daniel, on his knees in that chapter, gets a vision of the coming day when the Prince of his people is coming. And his heart almost stands still, he is startled to find this, that the Prince is to be "cut off, but not for Himself." And he writes down the word, under the impelling of the Holy Spirit, and wonders what it can mean. The glorious king "cut off!"

Then in Zechariah, chapter eleven, the picture element of the Old Testament mingles with direct teaching. The prophet Zechariah is serving as a

shepherd, and he asks for, and is paid his wages, which they fix at the small sum of thirty pieces of silver, a common slave's price. And Jehovah, speaking of Zechariah as His own representative, ironically says, "the goodly price that *I* was prized at by them." How graphically that pictures a detail of what actually took place in our Lord's experience! In the thirteenth chapter of Zechariah, you recall, God Himself says, "Awake, oh sword, against the man that is My fellow"—that is, on an equal with Himself. "Smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." These words find their keenest significance on our Master's lips.

Look for the Man

These are a few of the foreshadowings in the Old Testament of the marvellous fact of Calvary in the New. Sacrifice is the undercurrent of the whole Book, —substitution, innocent blood shed on behalf of the guilty, and the guilty going free through that shedding of blood. Although this is true, it takes the light of the Cross to see fully how much all of this means.

You know how publishers have a way of putting their imprint on paper by what they call a water-mark. By holding up the paper to the light you can see the water-mark. Have you ever noticed the water-mark in this Book? Pick up your Bible, and hold it up to the light, the light of the Cross. You want to

get the right light to see this water-mark. And on every page, through and through, Genesis, Exodus, Psalms, Isaiah, Major Prophets, Minor, if you look carefully you will see a very clear water-mark, *the mark of a Cross!* And a peculiar thing about this water-mark different from those in trade use is this,—there is a distinct reddish tinge to it.

A friend of mine, a professor in a theological seminary, was watching his children one afternoon playing with their blocks. They had a game of blocks, and by fitting the blocks together they would get the map of our country from ocean to ocean. They were trying to fit the blocks together correctly so as to make the map. But they could not get them right. Mountains and rivers got confused, and would not fit. The father was sitting quietly watching them as they tried to fit the blocks. At last one of the older children said, "Oh! Look at the other side of the blocks; there's the face of a man! Let's find the man!" And they turned the blocks over; they knew a man's face, they quickly put the pieces in place until the man's face was formed. And then they had their map on the other side.

That is the key to this Book. Look for the Man! He is here. And more, look for Him on a Cross, and you will have the key to the whole Old Testament. And yet this is true, this is true, that only as you and I come and bow humbly at the foot of the Cross, and say, "Lord Jesus Christ, I trust Thee as *my* Saviour; wash me in Thy blood, and help me live to-day in the

power of Thy Cross,"—only so shall our eyes be opened to see these marvellous foreshadowings fully. But you will find the LORD JESUS on a Cross all through. May we see it more plainly day by day, because as we see it, so shall we have victory over the Evil One, and ride in chariots of victory, and know the marvellous power of our Lord Jesus Christ at every turn.

If a man would be saved there is just one way, the red-road of the Cross. If a man would have power over temptation there is just one way, the name of Jesus Christ, the Victor on the Cross and on the Third Morning. And if we would rise into lives of victory, may I say victory bodily, victory mentally, victory in spirit, victory in service, at every turn, with our faces always turned toward the sunlight, and the music always playing, and the flags at the top of the mast, if we would do that we must live daily in the shadow of Calvary. And as we do we may live just so, with our strength at its full, with our flags flying, and with victory marking every rod of the road. May we live that way, for Jesus' sake, our Lord.

The Calvary Fact

Our Lord Jesus is greater than anything that can be said about Him. He is more than the truth that is told of Him. If you are talking about Him, and you say something that you mean to be great, and simple, and tender about Him, the moment you have said it you become conscious of this, that He is far more than the words you have spoken about Him.

And so our Lord Jesus is greater in His experience than any foreshadowing of Him in the Old Testament. Calvary is, in fact, immensely more than Calvary foreshadowed. The fact is always greater than the promise; the fulfilment is always more than the prophecy, the real is always so much more than the shadow beforehand.

Calvary, in its intensity, in its reality, in its personal meaning to all men and to us, is immensely more than any shadowing or inklings of it in the Old Testament. Joseph suffered. He suffered sacrificially. He suffered very really as a substitute for his people. His suffering was keen and cutting; it went to the very depths of his soul. David's suffering meant agony, and bitterness, and cutting keenness, as we can read in between the lines and under the lines of that

Twenty-second Psalm. And I think that Isaiah's own suffering is the basis of the Fifty-third of Isaiah.

But none of these suffered as our Lord Jesus Christ suffered. He had greater suffering capacity; He was far more sensitive to suffering. The things that would make us suffer would make Him, as a Man, suffer far more, because of the greater sensitiveness of His spirit. And then He actually suffered far more, infinitely more, and with a deeper significance, than any man in that time, or at any time has, or could. Calvary means immensely more than any foreshadowings of it could mean.

In these foreshadowings there is a distinct element of sacrifice plainly there. There is a distinct element of substitution plainly there; one suffering that others might not suffer, and might have life. But, when you come to the fact of Calvary, the sacrifice, the substitution of the Old falls away before the marvellous, wonderful sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary. The shedding of His blood was for the remission of the sin of all the world; and He suffered as none ever did, or could.

You read the Old Testament pages and, immersed in them, you are caught with their sacrifice and substitution and suffering. Yet you forget it all as you come with bared and bowed head, into the presence of our Lord Jesus, pouring out His life-blood as a Substitute for the whole race of men.

I have said that Calvary is God's spelling of "sacrifice." I want to remind you of this, that the

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letters of that word were chiselled by the Son of God in His own flesh with spear and nail and thong. Every letter of the word "sacrifice" and of the word "substitute" was traced by Him in the dripping red of His own blood, while the agony of it was breaking His heart.

Our Lord's Purpose in Dying

In speaking about the Calvary fact, I want, first, to have you notice about our Lord's death that it was *voluntary;* it was purely of His own accord. Ten times over His enemies tried to lay hands upon Him, for the purpose of doing Him violence, or putting Him to death. In intent He was killed ten times before Calvary, so far as *they* were concerned. Three times they sought directly to take His life; once at Nazareth over the precipice; and twice in Jerusalem by stoning. Each of these times they were held back by a power they could not define, and could not resist. And so when finally death came, it was through His yielding. They could never have taken His life had He not chosen to give His life. In a very real sense He gave His life. The dying was voluntary.

That being so, His purpose in yielding gives the whole meaning to His dying. Why did He die? Listen to His own words. And I shall take just a run now only through John's Gospel. First:—In the third chapter, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that

whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." For Him "lifted up" meant death; and for them life; because of His death there was life for them.

In the Sixth of St. John's Gospel, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood,"—very plain words these—"ye have not life in yourselves," and cannot have. He gave His body to the killing, and His blood to the shedding, He said, that men might have life in themselves.

In chapter ten, four times over one phrase occurs. In verse eleven, "The Good Shepherd layeth His life down *for* the sheep." In verse fifteen: "I lay down My life *for* the sheep." Mark that word "for"; that simple English preposition "for," in its simplest surface meaning, has the whole truth of substitution in it. In verse seventeen: "Therefore doth My Father love Me, because *I lay down My life for* the sheep." In verse eighteen, mark very keenly, "No one taketh it from Me; *I lay it down* of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

In chapter thirteen of this same Gospel of John, He speaks again, when the Greeks came: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, or out of the earth, will draw all men unto Myself." "Lifted up" meant His dying. In chapter fifteen, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

If you ask why He died, there are His own words. You know how I might run through Peter's words, and John's, and Paul's, three men who spoke by in-

spiration of the Holy Spirit sent down by that same Lord Jesus, but I can make the case no stronger than in His own words. And now add to these words from His own lips, a word that He *acted* on the night in which He was betrayed, just as He was giving His life up, when He had gathered the eleven men around Himself. He said these words, that have burned themselves into the whole Church, Roman, Greek, Anglican, Protestant, the universal Church—"This is My Body broken for you. This do as oft as ye eat it in remembrance of Me. . . . This is My blood of the New Testament shed for many for the remission of sins. Drink ye all, all of you, drink of it."

And so very plainly, in His own purpose, our Lord, of His own accord, gave up His life on Calvary *for others,* and through giving up His life men are won back home to God. I might use Paul's favourite word, "reconciled"; "God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself." Through His death our sin-score is squared, and we have life. Marvellous Lord Jesus Christ! Marvellous death that He died! That I, who could not escape dying otherwise, might have life, eternal life, abundant life. That is the thought of His heart as He climbed the steep, rugged side of the Hill of the Cross.

A Living Sacrifice

Now will you notice, please, before we come to the immediate fact of Calvary, one thing that I will

touch only briefly, *the sacrifice in His life.* Calvary was written over the *life* of our Lord Jesus before it was written in great black letters of sin, and red letters of blood, and golden letters of love on that Hill itself.

The sacrifice in His life is shown *in His coming* at all. Son of God, God the Son, "very God of very God," Creator of our world, the Spokesman of God to all the world in the Old as in the New, and always,—He came from the glory of the Father's own presence down into our midst. That was the beginning of His sacrifice, and the beginning in Himself of Calvary.

And then, second, the *way* He came, namely, as a man, and, more yet, as a servant. And then, third, mark this,—before His birth, sacrifice was spelled out in a way that meant very, very much, in that His *mother* was under cruel suspicion, in the one thing that touches a pure woman's heart and life most. Because of that she suffered in spirit as God's messenger in bringing His Son. In His mother, as His own birth came on, the Calvary suffering began. And then it was in His *birthplace*—a manger.

And then *His whole life* was a bit of sacrifice; that narrow humble life that He lived in Nazareth for those thirty years; and His occupation, a carpenter, a common hand-working man. And yet, remember He had in His own blood, in His own human blood, in His lineage, He had that which we commonly reckon as making men aristocrats. I hesitate to call our Lord Jesus an aristocrat, lest you may not understand

what I mean. But I do say this, He had in Him to the finest degree the presence of that rich, old, blue blood, humanly, by which we reckon the aristocracy among the nations of the earth to-day. And yet He became a carpenter for our sakes,—a bit of the Calvary sacrifice in His life.

And then His *ministry* was a continual pouring out of His strength for others; it was sacrificial. Over all His life you can write down this word, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." His whole life, from before the cradle until the hour of the Calvary transaction, was a living sacrifice.

And now I wish I might speak very much more quietly as we come to talk about the Calvary fact. Bare your head, and bow very low, and hush your heart, for here we must come, even though it hurt our hearts to recite the story, we must come for a few moments and look at the fact of Calvary itself.

At the close of a service in Christ Church, where I chance to be ministering for a bit, a lady said, "Mr. Gordon, what do you mean by the blood of Christ? You mean His life, do you?" "No," I said, "I don't: I mean His life poured out." We do not commonly speak of life as blood. Blood means life *poured* forth. And when we come now to seeing our Lord pouring forth His blood, we are coming to the very centre of all, to all the world and to our own hearts.

It is what we call Thursday night, maybe Wednesday night,—we will not discuss that. The Master is

pouring out His heart in the Garden in anticipation. And if we might stop here, I believe we should find all the suffering of Calvary packed, in spirit, into those few hours under the gray, gnarled, olive trees beyond the Creek of the Cedars. Then the crowd comes, the soldiers and the Jewish escort, with Judas in the fore. And the Master yields to arrest, and is taken from the garden into the Palace, first of all, of Annas.

Annas was not technically the high priest, but he was the man who, by force of character, held the high priest's office in his grip, controlling it in a way not unfamiliar in political usage in other times than his. Before Annas a painful farce of examination is made, and in the midst of it one of the underlings smites the Master on the face.

The Indignities Upon His Person

have begun. The judge pays no attention to the unjust action of his servant. The result of that interview is that He is accounted guilty, though there is no true trial. Then He is taken across to the hall of Caiaphas, who is technically high priest. These folks are great sticklers for the proper form. They must do things in the proper way, even to the killing of the Son of God. And again a played-at examination, and again a verdict " guilty."

But this is unofficial. These men cannot condemn

Him to death, neither Annas nor Caiaphas; only their Jewish Senate can do that. And the Senate cannot meet until daylight. They are very careful about the technicalities; the thing must be done right. And so while daylight tarries, our Lord Jesus is given over to the soldiers, and the second scene of indignity and personal shame begins. They spat in His face; they struck Him with their hands; they blindfolded Him and mockingly said, "Prophesy to us." One could never tell the story if he were not gripped by a great purpose to make real to us what the Lord Jesus Christ suffered on Calvary, and just before.

That goes on, maybe, for a couple of hours. And now the first grey streaks of dawn are seen, the first streak of light in the east, and technically the Jewish Senate can meet. The Master is taken into the chamber of the Jewish Senate, and again examination is played at, and again He is accounted guilty. And so far as the Jewish side is concerned, the story is done, for the examination, and the so-called trial. But the Jews cannot kill a man legally. That has been taken from them. And so He is taken across to the Roman Palace to the Roman Government official, Pilate.

They expect that Pilate will approve of their conviction without examination. But to their immense disgust, he does not propose to do so, and so there is more quibbling, and bantering, and dallying, with the result that by and by Pilate acquits Him, and sends Him to Herod, hearing that He is a Galilean. And once more, if you will hush your hearts, please, once more

the Son of Man is taken across the city, after being up all night through such an experience, with the ever-increasing rabble behind Him, and is taken to Herod, and mocked again, and sent back acquitted a second time, back to Pilate.

Then Pilate proposes that he will scourge Him; and he does. The hands, fastened, are drawn down to a ring in the pavement or floor, until the whole body is bent, tense, and then the stripes laid on with thongs. You know the thongs,—a bundle of cords, and in the end of each a bit of sharp bone or metal; and even a careful hand cannot touch the back only, sparing the rest; and there is no careful hand here. And the marks of the thongs are not simply on the raw back, but all over. And then Pilate says, "Behold the Man!" and they cry, "Away with Him. Crucify Him." Then more quibbling and bantering and He is given over to be crucified.

Shall I take just a few moments, while we speak and listen very, very quietly, even though it pains my heart and yours, but for a great strong purpose, bringing that scene before you?

The Cross

is laid on the earth; the Man is laid upon it; the nails are driven, and the ropes made fast. And even as you hear the striking of the spikes, you can also hear a voice, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then the Cross is lifted, and dropped into

the hole in the ground, and the weight of the Man comes sagging down on spikes and rope. And there up above the earth, before all the crowd, He hangs. It is nine o'clock in the morning, and the deed has been done, and the real Calvary is begun.

Here are the soldiers gambling for His garments; and *here* is the inscription to which they object, "The King of the Jews." But it remains, and He is crucified, not as a Man simply, but as a King, as a Man and a King. And then comes the last coarse jesting and jeering. The crowd cries out, "Come down from the cross, thou mighty man, come down"—sneeringly. And the chief priests, those aristocrats, have dignified the occasion with their presence, and they cry out, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." With a truth far greater than they knew, He could not save Himself and save others too.

And the thieves hanging by His side, one here, one there, cast the same reviling in His teeth. But in the midst of it, *this* thief, watching His face, marvels, and is caught, and you can hear his words in the midst of his pain, "Remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And the Master forgets the pain of body, and the pain of spirit, to turn His whole heart toward a man hungering for the kingdom,—"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Ah! the passion of His heart for men was never lost, even in the midst of the awful suffering and pain. Here is a friendly group with His mother and John. And His voice is heard again, "Mother, behold thy son, . . .

son, thy mother"; thinking about her, planning for her, as He hangs in the agony of that awful death.

And that goes on from nine to noon. But there is one man in the crowd who is strangely stirred. His name is Barabbas. Yonder he stands. Ask Barabbas what he thinks about substitution, will you? He looks over with his sin-coarsened face, and says, "That Jesus is where I should be. I deserve that. I know it. I was to have been there, and He is there instead." And, for my part, I doubt not that the suffering of the divine Substitute on his behalf, touched his heart, and changed his heart, even as that thief was changed.

Then the strange darkness came, and for three hours the Master hung there through that strange, awful darkness. And then, as the hour of three drew on, the time of the Jewish evening sacrifice, there bursts a cry, a great heartbreaking cry, from Jesus' lips, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Then there is silence again; and then the voice comes again, "I thirst." And then there is a great shout, as if the Master was giving out all His strength in a great cry that rang out, the cry of the Victor that rang out to all around that Calvary hill,—"It is finished!" And quietness again.

And then the last soft utterance came, "My Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit." And He gave up the ghost. Even yet He did not die as men die; for the language used by the Gospels is not the language of a man dying. He *gave up,* He *yielded up*

His Spirit! And the work was done. The Calvary fact was accomplished.

"I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead."

Down from the Cross rings that line through all the ages since,—

"I gave, I gave My life for thee."

The Climax—Resurrection

Then I must add a word more before we turn our gaze away. We must not stop here. Please remember always that as the death was the climax of the life, the resurrection was the climax of the death. We want always to couple in our thinking two things, Calvary *and* the resurrection; for in both our Lord Jesus Christ was Victor. The resurrection was the climax of Calvary. Our Lord lay for, using the Bible language, three days and three nights under the bonds of death, and then—run the flag to the top of the mast, and pull out all the stops, and bring out the diapason of the full organ,—our Lord Jesus Christ rose Victor over death. He bursts apart the bonds of death like cotton thread, and He rises up.

Did He rise, or was He raised? Both. He was raised up by the power of the Father, for His whole life was lived in the power of His Father. And He rose. He went down of His own accord into the

portals of death for man's sins. Then He rose at will. When He chose to, He rose up by the moral gravity of His own life and character up toward the centre of His life.

The centre of gravity of life naturally is upward. The sin centre-of-gravity is downward. Our natural gravity is upward. But we are so undermined with sin that our moral gravity has become downward. But His gravity was toward a centre upward. And when the work was done, and He had lain there those days and nights, *at will* He rises up with the ease of breathing, because He was Lord of life. His rising up spells anew that word "Victory."

Because the word victory has a three-fold meaning regarding our Lord Jesus Christ. He won for us a triple victory; first in His life from cradle to Calvary, victory in the *kind* of life He lived. And He was our Substitute, if you will mark it keenly, in His life as well as in His death. Then there was the victory in His death, and then, the victory of victories, in the resurrection.

And now we are to live in the power of His death and His resurrection. Had He simply died we would have been justified, but we would have been dead. A clean score, but ourselves dead. At Calvary we are simply justified in regard to the past. On the third morning we are justified, reckoned righteous, and made righteous, and given new life, eternal life through Him. Wondrous Jesus Christ! Wondrous Saviour! Wondrous Victor!

The Calvary Spirit

CALVARY is God's spelling of the word "sacrifice." It is God's spelling of the word "substitute." Because sacrifice has been used in so many meanings we must remember that God's meaning is the highest; it means a substitutionary sacrifice.

The word "sacrifice" gets its standard meaning from our Lord Jesus Christ. Its first meaning, and its fullest meaning, and its finest meaning it gets from Him, not simply in His life but in His death on the Cross of Calvary. But beside that, it has a secondary meaning.

We have been considering in our earlier studies the first meaning. That meaning given to it by our Lord Jesus Himself must always stand as the standard meaning. Every other is less, and is minor, and is secondary. But there *is* a secondary meaning. There is a first meaning for us all, and a second. And the second meaning is this, that there is to be *for us* a Calvary of sacrifice likewise. The Master meant and means that not only are we to trust in His sacrifice, as a thing all by itself, but that we, in turn, are to *live* His sacrifice, in a secondary manner, so far as His is concerned, but in a manner which shall take all the grip of our lives, so far as we are concerned.

There were two characteristic words of invitation always on our Lord's lips when He was down here, spoken many times. The first was this, "Come to Me"; and the result of that coming, the purpose of that coming, is salvation through His blood. We are to come for cleansing on the ground of His blood shed for us. There must be a first coming when the whole relationship is settled between Him and us; and then, as many of us as have found out, and are finding out all afresh in the thick of life, there needs to be a continual coming to Him as Saviour for the cleansing and purifying effects of His blood. That is the meaning of His first invitation word, "Come."

There is a second invitation word, "Follow Me." It has to do with our life for the Lord Jesus out in the crowd, in the common ministry of life. "Come to Me" means our own personal cleansing by His blood. "Follow Me" means our relationship to the crowd of needy folks all round about us. In this chapter I read this afternoon, this John chapter,* the Master says distinctly, "If any man would serve Me, let him follow Me." And if you will in your thought reach through the Master's life from cradle to Calvary, you can easily call to mind very simply just what "Follow Me" means to us as it comes from His lips.

Follow Me

It means, first of all, that we are to live a *Nazareth life.* The Church has not emphasised that name

*John xii.

Nazareth as it should be emphasised. Nazareth stands for the simple, plain, homely, commonplace life lived, day by day, in a narrow cottage, and a wood-working carpenter's shop, and amongst His fellow townsmen of Nazareth. "Follow Me" here means this, that just where the Master has put us, in a humble corner, in a shut-away corner, or elsewhere, where He has placed us, in the daily treadmill round, we are to live as He lived, glorifying the commonplace by the fragrance of His presence. And if the old Church of Christ would learn this Nazareth lesson the whole service of winning the world back home would be immensely shortened in its time.

Then it means, without any doubt, a *Wilderness* for you, as for Him. The wilderness meant temptation and struggle, and,—underscore this and,—*and* victory. We are to follow Him. There will be temptation; there will be struggles if we are true to Him; *and* there will be victory; and both of these will be continuous. The temptations won't stop, and the struggles won't quit, *and* the victory won't cease to fly at the head of the mast, where the red banner of His blood is flying.

Then "Follow Me" means *a life of service* out in the crowd. Those three and a half years of service we are to follow Him in, in unhurried, unheralded, quiet, warm-hearted, steady going out to serve just where men are, and as men need; our feet travelling the lanes and alleys where men are, even as His did. It means a life of service amongst the needy crowd.

It means more yet, a fourth thing, *a Transfiguration Mount.* The Transfiguration for Him meant this, the revealing of the hidden glory hidden beneath the robe of His humanity. For us it means this, a glory-life even here, a being transformed and renewed from within by His power. We all with open face, that is with uncovered face, beholding as in a glass His glory, shall be changed from glory to glory,—notice, by the Spirit of the Lord. It means a Transfiguration Mount for us; glory be to His Name for that.

And then it means something you won't like so well as that, but it is just as sure to come. If you will listen quietly,—it means a *Gethsemane grove* of gnarly, old, olive trees beyond the Creek of the Cedars. Gethsemane meant and means simply this, a lone, soul agony, unutterable, because of the sin of others. He suffered this in a sense peculiar to Himself. And we, as we follow Him, will find suffering of the same sort, that will mean keenest pain to us.

And " Follow Me " means more yet; it means *a Calvary* in your life and in mine. I mean now in the secondary sense. His Calvary was a solitary affair, which stood all by itself. There can be no second; there can be no duplicate in the meaning of that Calvary for all the world and for us. But, while that remains true, if we will follow Him there will be *a* Calvary in your life and mine. That is to say, there will be a suffering for others which will be redemptive in a sense, a secondary sense, which will be vicarious, which will be substitutionary, and which will be very

real. It will mean everything to you, yet it is distinctly secondary.

In a sense, all by itself, approached by none other, His Calvary meant redemption, vicarious, substitutionary sacrifice. And all of us need to come and get the virtue of that marvellous sacrifice through His blood. Now then, having said that distinctly, just take in clearly, that " Follow Me " means for you,—thousands of God's children know this in their own experience,—it means for you *a* Calvary suffering that shall be as real to you in suffering as His was to Him; and that will have, in a distinctly secondary sense, a redemptive, a substitutionary, a vicarious value of virtue for, and of influence upon other men. Only he follows the Lord Jesus who follows Him here.

The Soil of Men's Need

And, of course, if there be a Calvary in your life and in mine, it means the bit that came after. It means a *burial.* It means that you go down and bury yourself clear out of sight in the soil of the lives of men. There can be no resurrection except as there is a burial; and, blessed be God, by His grace, there can be both a Calvary and a burial.

And then the glory-side shines out,—after burial comes the *resurrection.* There will be a daily rising into a new resurrection life in our own experience; a daily rising up, with the stone rolled away, and the dawn of a new day breaking, and the morning sun

shining. And then just as surely as we follow Him down, and bury ourselves out of sight there will be a rising up into a new life in the lives of men.

And the resurrection is followed by *Olivet.* And Olivet here means simply two things, an eye that can see the uttermost parts of the earth, and feet going there, really or representatively. The Christ-controlled heart makes the eye see the vision of a world's need, and impels both hands and feet to action.

And one thing more, it means *an Ascension-life.* What did His Ascension life mean? Our Lord Jesus Christ when He went back home engaged in intercessory prayer. That is His present marvellous occupation, praying at the Father's right hand for others. He ever liveth to make intercession, pleading, claiming for others. And if we follow Him there will be an Ascension life, an intercessor's life reaching *out,* and *above,* that is, by way of His throne, and *through* to the uttermost parts of the whole earth.

But, please underscore this, that just as in our Lord's life, Calvary overtopped every other peak in the great range of His life, and stands out tallest and highest; even so, in your life and mine Calvary, our Calvary, is meant to overtop every other peak. Need I repeat again, that you may not misunderstand, not *the* Calvary, but *a* Calvary? His Calvary stands alone; it is a solitary thing; it means the Son of God pouring out His life for the sins of men. It means for us forgiveness, righteousness, the whole score settled, and ourselves taken into the Father's presence and heart

and home. It means that only through that sacrifice can we come back home, and have the sin-score settled. There is only one Calvary.

But, shall I make it a bit clearer maybe, by saying this, there must be a Calvary *spirit,* a Calvary *sacrifice,* a Calvary *shadow* in every life? That means simply this, that as we follow along after Him there will be continuous suffering. Perhaps I should stop right here and say this, sacrifice does not simply mean giving up. It means this, that you give up your life if need be so that something may come to others.

And because, through your sacrifice, there comes new life to others, you are singing; even while the knife is cutting your song is singing itself in your heart. The Twenty-second Psalm throbs with sobs, but it is a joyous song as well at the end. The sobs and the song are in the one Psalm. Suffering means this,—the knife cutting, actual pain, and you *feel* it, you feel it keenly, but you are singing as you feel it. The sweet music of the song comes because you have fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ in His Calvary suffering; and there is the joy of bringing His blessing to others through your suffering. And that song keeps singing, even while the knife is cutting and cutting, and jagging and jagging. The music is the dominant note always of your life, even while the cutting pain goes on. That is what the Calvary spirit means.

It does not mean simply suffering. Suffering may be something you cannot prevent; privation is the thing that comes to you that you cannot overcome or

overrule. Sacrifice means this, that when you need not do a thing unless you choose to, you still choose to do it, to suffer, that through that suffering others may be blessed. And higher yet, it means that we may fill up, as dear St. Paul said, fill up that which is left behind in the sufferings of Christ.

The Greek Door

Now I want to turn to John xii, 24-26. Notice these words. Remember the two shadows over these words. The Master is within a week, yes, a week of the Cross. The inky black shadow of Calvary is blacker across His path now than it has been yet up to this time.

And here come the Greeks. It is the Greeks that give us this chapter. Here come the Greeks, the splendid Greek nation. The Jews reject. But now the Greeks come; splendid Greeks! And through the Greek door the Master may go to the whole Greek world, and to the whole world through the Greeks. It is a wide open door to the world. And Satan, who left our Master in the wilderness only *for a season,* is coming back here with the temptation of a world dominion without suffering.

But the Master stops, and He says, "the shortest road to Greece, and through Greece to a world, is not across seas here to the west; that is not the shortest way; the way these men came perhaps; it is not around beyond Antioch through Asia Minor as the caravans might come; the shortest road to Greece,

and through Greece to a world, is the road down into and through Joseph's tomb! That's the shortest cut that can be."

Now listen to Him: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." The non-sacrificial life is always a lonely life. Those poor lone souls that do not know the blessedness of sacrifice! But if it die the grain becomes a handful, a harvest-ful of golden grain to feed a world. Now listen to the irony of selfishness; he that loveth his life shall lose it. He that is bent on clutching with feverish fingers his life and holding it for himself, will find only a husk in his hand, the whole inner heart gone. He that puts love of himself above all else shall find himself losing the one thing he is trying to hold. That's the irony of the devil's path.

"He that hateth his life," mark you, that, in the stress of life, in the competition of life, in the need of life says, "I will put myself aside as a hated, hindering thing that I may give myself for others," . . . "He that hateth his life for others' sake shall find it," and many another, too. The thing that you try to get you lose. The thing you don't think about as you go eagerly out for the crowd, you will find somebody else—a blessed Somebody else—thinking about, and caring for for you, and giving you not the lonely life but the abundant, the accompanied life. "If any man would serve Me," He says, "let him follow Me."

That is the secondary meaning to us in our Lord's Calvary; going along after Him. All the leaders of

the Church of Christ have known this truth, aye, others besides the leaders, have known this truth woven into the tissues of their lives. The young Hebrew Joseph did; David did. I have no doubt that the Fifty-third of Isaiah had a real meaning, historically, in Isaiah's life. I have no doubt the Twenty-second Psalm had a very real meaning in David's life. And Jeremiah, and Hosea, and the leaders in the Book whose names stand out,—I could call a list of names, every man of whom had travelled the underground route to life. "If a grain of wheat fall into the ground"; the underground road is the only pathway into life for us abundantly, and through us for all the world.

Living Martyrs

St. Paul knew this. In Galatians 2:20 he said, "I have been crucified with Christ." That is the roadway of life, by death, by being taken down into the ground of Joseph's tomb. "I have been crucified with Christ." That's the old "I." "Nevertheless I live." There is a new "I." The old "I" has died. There is a new "I" living. You see a crucifixion here means a resurrection. The resurrection comes in the second sentence. "Nevertheless I live, yet not I," —not the old "I," but—"Christ liveth in me." This new life which I now live in the flesh, I live "by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself freely for me."

Out of his deep experience Paul wrote to the Romans, "I beseech you therefore that ye present your bodies a *living* sacrifice." Please mark that word "living." The Church has honoured the martyrs because they gave a dying sacrifice; they were martyrs to the death; and I honour those martyrs. We all do, and rightly we do. But there is a class of martyrs even more needed, *living* martyrs; those who will simply not bring a dying sacrifice and the thing finished; but a *living* sacrifice, with the spear-thrust and the drive of the nail and the cut of the knife-edge going on, not for a few hours and done; but year after year, a *living* sacrifice. That is what this secondary Calvary meant to Paul: stones, beatings, stripes, rods, imprisonment, hunger, nakedness, cold, and the rest of the category, you remember,—a *living* sacrifice.

You know it is not such a hard thing to die and be done with it. Oh! it is hard. But for us there is something harder, that is a living sacrifice.

"So he died for his faith. That is fine.
But stay. Can you add to that line
More than the most of us do,
That he lived *for it, too?*

"It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado, or passion, or pride.
Was it hard for him?

"But to live: *every day to live out*
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt.

"Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived,
Never mind how he died."

Our Master, from Calvary's top to-day, says to us to-day, "Follow Me," and only as we do here can there be life for us of this highest sort, and through us life for a whole world.

Walking to Georgia

A very simple incident came to my notice recently. It took place a couple of years ago just outside of Washington. An express train was pulling out of the station of Alexandria, in Virginia. Just as it pulled out, an old negro, black as night, hurried up to the station, and on to the train at the very last moment. The negro got on the steps just at the last moment, pulled himself on, a big man, and black as a man's hat.

You could see he was evidently very tired. He entered the car. He shambled his weary way up the aisle to the top end of the car and stood, looking down for a seat. But there was none that he might take

unless it were offered him. He shifted his weight on his feet, and dropped his shoulders, and looked the picture of weariness.

By and by a young fellow sitting near beckoned him, and said, "Uncle, sit down here." The old man came, and said, "Thank you, sir," and sat down. And the young fellow guessed something about the old black man, and as a newsboy came through the car, he stopped him and bought some sandwiches, and gave the old man a few. He said, "Thank you, sir; haven't had anything to eat to-day. Been walking since four o'clock this morning to catch this train, and I was rather reckoning to fill up when I got down to Georgia."

Then he rambled on with his story. The old home was down in Georgia, and after the war he had come up to Virginia with "Marse" Henry to take care of him, his old master. "Now," he said, "Marse Henry's dying, and I am going back to Georgia." And his eyes gleamed at the thought of going home, and he patted the seat cushion lovingly as though it were his Georgia home. "I bought a ticket and I'm going back to Georgia." You would have thought Georgia was heaven to hear him talk.

By and by the conductor came through the car for the tickets. But the old man could not find his. "Dear me," he said, "where did I put that ticket? It costs a mighty lot to buy a ticket for Georgia. I have been saving up for that ticket for years." At last he found it pinned to the lining of his old hat.

While he was hunting, the conductor walked on to a woman in the next seat, a pale-faced woman sitting with her babe in her arms at her breast.

"Tickets!"

"I haven't any," she said.

"Have to get off, Madam!"

And she started half up and said, "Don't put me off. My husband is down south. He had to go down for his health. The doctor said if he didn't go down to a warmer climate he must die, and we sold everything we had to pay the bills and send him off. We haven't anything; and now the doctor's word has come saying he can't live, and I must go to him, and I haven't any money."

"Sorry, Madam, have to get off."

"Don't put me off."

And then, losing control, she said, "Oh, my God, if you put me off——!"

And the guard said, "I am sorry, but of course I will lose my position if I don't. I have only one thing to do. I must do my duty."

And he turned back to get the negro's ticket, while the woman sank back in her seat with her babe, with eyes big and face white, staring hopelessly, helplessly out of the window.

And the old black man said, "Guess you have to put me off, sah. You don't expect an old negro like me to have enough money to buy a ticket all the way to Georgia, do you?"

And the conductor did not swear, but almost. He

spoke roughly, and said, "Bah; there's some excuse for this woman here, but you!—if we were not so near the station I would stop and put you off right here!" And he passed on, calling "Tickets!"

The old man pulled himself up to his full height and turned round to the woman. He said, "Here's your ticket." She was going to Georgia, where he was bound, and the ticket would carry her there. "Here's your ticket; I do hope you'll find your husband better than you 's afeard; hope so."

She turned around and stared, with her distended eyes, not taking in what he was doing.

Then the train slowed up, and the old man, with a smile in his eyes for the woman and her baby, shambled wearily to the door and down the steps, and the train pulled off, and the last they saw of the old man he was patiently trudging along the road walking "down to Georgia."

And as the story was told, there was no mention of Christ, but as I know the old slaves of the south, I know that man was a Christian. For I know those old slaves well, and I know it was the Christ spirit in his heart.

Now you may think this is a very simple story. You see nothing in the old black man walking to Georgia. Ah! *Suppose you start to walk to Georgia!* Then you will know what the story means. Let me ask you, please, have *you* ever walked to Georgia?

That is what "Follow Me" means.

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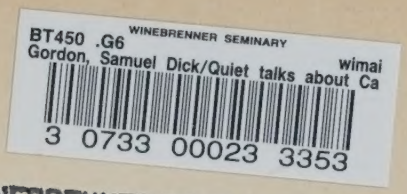

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